

# GARFIELD GLEANER



CHRISTMAS - 1927

*Garfield Gleaner*  
*Published by the*  
*Garfield County*



Alfreda E. Mally,  
Maud L. Penfield

Reed Perrier.

Roy St John

"Proxide"

# GARFIELD GLEANER

OWL EDITION

Elsa May

Robert Lee

Dorothy Wilson



Miriam Albrecht

Gary Cameron

Nov 1, 1927

Walter

Virginia Wark

GARFIELD JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

DECEMBER, 1927



## DEDICATION

*To wisdom, typified  
by the owl, for which we have  
striven these three years at Garfield, we,  
the class of Christmas nineteen  
twenty-seven, dedicate  
this Gleaner*





# OUR WISEST OWLS

HENNESSEY, D. L.—*Principal*  
CANNON, MABELLE—*Secretary*

## FACULTY

Archer, Kate W.  
Arendt, Marion  
Barnett, Muriel  
Barry, Margaret  
Bennett, Kathryn  
Brennan, Minnie B.  
Brubaker, Emma  
Brush, Charlotte  
Bryan, Lawrence  
Collar, Gladys  
Coombs, Leona W.  
Corley, H. P.  
Dyson, Margaret  
Flanders, F. A.  
Fraser, Annie Mills  
Gavin, Isabel  
Gay, Adella  
Goe, Nola O.  
Gray, Minna  
Groefsema, Christine  
Grover, Harriet  
Hamsher, Alice  
Hoover, Evie  
Hughes, Samuel  
Kelton, Genevieve  
Kidwell, Ruth

Kilkenny, Myrtle  
Kleeberger, Helen  
Laurens, Helene  
Lawson, Clennie  
Leland, S. J.  
Lowrey, Mary  
Malley, Alfreda  
Martin, Helen  
Montagne, Alberta Elms  
Morse, Blanche  
Mossman, Edith T.  
Nombalais, Alice  
Patton, Bessie  
Patton, Elizabeth  
Penfield, Maud  
Perry, H. D.  
Riley, Irma  
Rushforth, Robert N.  
Russ, Helen  
Skinner, Mona  
Smith, Iva H.  
Stout, Harriet  
White, Irma  
Wilson, Flora  
Zimmerman, Bruce L.

## HIGH NINE HONOR ROLL

HIGHEST AVERAGE  
Barbara Brock—Arlene Strobe

### HONORARY MENTION

Helen Buchanan  
Ardith Fluharty  
Sam Oakley  
Elinor Ford  
Masami Oda

Norma Spenger  
Eugene Raftery  
Edmund Kruger  
Virginia Knight  
Allen Altman



## MRS. ARCHER'S ADVISORY

*You always hear 'em say:*

ATTHOWE, JACK	- - - - -	"Hey!"
CARRINGTON, BENNET	- - - - -	"Ah, I'll say not!"
CAMPBELL, MABEL	- - - - -	"Oh!"
CHANDLER, CLYDE	- - - - -	"Give me the answer, Aurora."
DANIELSON, ELIZABETH	- - - - -	"Aw, for gosh sake!"
DAWSON, JACK	- - - - -	"I won't."
FINCH, RUDOLPH	- - - - -	"Oh, I know."
GADEBERG, GORDON	- - - - -	"All right, then."
GRAVES, GENEVIEVE	- - - - -	"I have seen worse, but I don't know where."
HARBARTH, THEODORE	- - - - -	"Blame me, will yuh?"
HOPSON, OGLE	- - - - -	"Fumble!"
IVEY, CLAYTON	- - - - -	"I haven't got it."
JOHANSON, EDWIN	- - - - -	"What's English?"
KOLB, JAMES	- - - - -	"Same to you."
LAFLIN, FORBES	- - - - -	"I will."
LEWIS, RUTH	- - - - -	"I have it."
LINDQUIST, ETHEL	- - - - -	"No more balls."
MCNEELY, MARGUERITE	- - - - -	"Believe it or not."
MOSER, DAN	- - - - -	"Oh, Deet!"
ODA, MASAMI	- - - - -	"Ah, I know."
PENNOCK, DOUGLAS	- - - - -	"Same to you."
PURSELL, JANE	- - - - -	"You think so!"
SAMUELS, HARRY	- - - - -	"Go on."
TELLEZ, AURORA	- - - - -	"It is not!"
WILLIAMS, DORIS	- - - - -	"What's history?"
WILLS, LAURENCE	- - - - -	"How much?"
WINGATE, WILLIAM	- - - - -	"Aw, heck!"





## MISS BARRY'S ADVISORY

*You always hear 'em say:*

AUSTIN, ELOISE	- - - - -	"For Pete's sake!"
BEYER, DOROTHEA	- - - - -	"I did not!"
BROEDELLE, BETTY	- - - - -	"Who said so?"
CHRISTIAN, GLADYS	- - - - -	"Hello, Eddy."
DUFOUR, DOROTHY	- - - - -	"Oh, yeah."
FARRELL, EVELYN	- - - - -	"And—a—"
FLAGG, MADALON	- - - - -	"May I sit with Juanita, Mrs. Smith?"
HAMILTON, ELIZABETH	- - - - -	"Other side, please."
HALL, ALICE	- - - - -	"Hello, Harold!"
HOFF, LORRAINE	- - - - -	"Got any gum?"
LYON, ADELE	- - - - -	"Oh, won't you lend me your comb?"
LYON, ALYSE	- - - - -	"I'm going to be an algebra teacher."
MARTIN, BETTY	- - - - -	"Oh, adorable!"
MISER, JUANITA	- - - - -	"Lemme alone."
MOLES, ELEANOR	- - - - -	"What did you get in algebra?"
MOUSE, EVELINE	- - - - -	"I left it at home, Mrs. Gray."
MULOCK, SUSIE	- - - - -	"Can't guess who I went out with."
NOBLE, VELMA	- - - - -	"Bring your bank money."
PARKS, PAULINE	- - - - -	"Please wear middies and skirts."
REBARD, PEGGY	- - - - -	"Why, certainly!"
RUGGLES, LOUISE	- - - - -	"Take my books up, Barbara?"
SHEARER, JEAN	- - - - -	"Get in your Gleaner material!"
SORENSEN, ISKOV	- - - - -	"Who?"
STRATTON, JEANNE	- - - - -	"Hello, Bob."
WHEELER, HELEN	- - - - -	"Oh, no!!"
WHITEHEAD, DOROTHY	- - - - -	"Oh, really?"

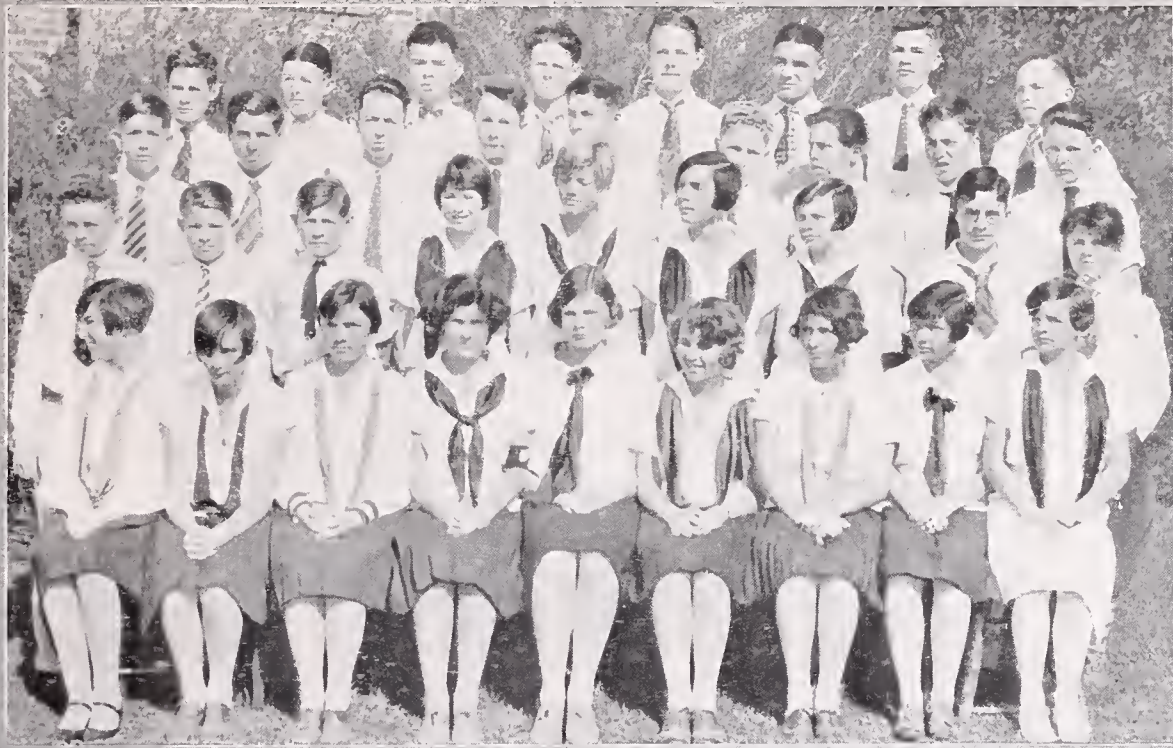


## MISS BENNETT'S ADVISORY

*You always hear 'em say:*

ARMSTRONG, FRANK	- - - - -	"Wanna fight about it?"
AYLSWORTH, EDITH	- - - - -	"Sour pickles!"
BARNETT, AUGUSTUS	- - - - -	"Who wants to bank?"
BIRKLAND, RUTH	- - - - -	"Got your comb here?"
CUSHMAN, ROSS	- - - - -	"Hope you don't feel hurt!"
DAVIS, PHILIP	- - - - -	"Moth balls!!"
DRISCOLL, GEORGE	- - - - -	"How do <i>you</i> know?"
FORD, ELINOR	- - - - -	"Stop it!"
GARFINKLE, HANNAH	- - - - -	"I just want to ask one little question."
HANSON, LUTHER	- - - - -	"Tell it to Sweeney!"
HECTOR, FRED	- - - - -	"Huh?"
HEGER, MARGARET	- - - - -	"Don't look at me in that tone of voice."
KRUGER, EDMUND	- - - - -	"Aw, now?"
LARKIN, RUTH	- - - - -	"Have you done your French?"
LEE, PETER	- - - - -	"Oh, heck!"
LORING, ERNESTINE	- - - - -	"Want some gum?"
LYMAN, JAMES	- - - - -	"A lot <i>you</i> know about it."
MERRILL, FRANCES	- - - - -	"Oh, gravy."
MUNRO, KEITH	- - - - -	"Sawed off!"
OLIVER, ROXBY	- - - - -	"I haven't any."
PIERATT, ALBERTA	- - - - -	"Can I see your Latin?"
ROSE, THELMA	- - - - -	"Oh, I saw him sixth period!"
SHEELINE, LESTER	- - - - -	"Aw, shut up!"
SMITH, CATHERINE	- - - - -	"Do you <i>really</i> think so?"
STONE, PAYSON	- - - - -	"Aw, cut it out!"
VICTORIA, MAURA	- - - - -	"Stop talking!"
WARD, MELVIN	- - - - -	"A-ha, I git you now!"
WEIBEL, WILLIAM	- - - - -	"How could <i>I</i> know?"
WHITNEY, MARGARET	- - - - -	"Oh, I don't know!"
WIND, ROBERT	- - - - -	"What? Oh! Can't keep him home."
WISER, THELMA	- - - - -	"Can I use your compact?"
ZANDER, IRVING	- - - - -	"Aw, go on!"





## MISS FRASER'S ADVISORY

*You always hear 'em say:*

ALTMAN, ALLEN	- - - - -	"I dunno."
BARRERE, CHISPA	- - - - -	"Search me."
BERTOLI, CHARLES	- - - - -	"Act your age!"
BISCOMB, SYBIL	- - - - -	"Sh, I have to concentrate."
BOYNTON, JUDD	- - - - -	"Holy cow."
BROCK, BARBARA	- - - - -	"Thanks a lot."
BUCHANAN, HELEN	- - - - -	"Are you trying to be funny?"
CAMPBELL, MARJORY	- - - - -	"Wouldn't that knock you off a Christmas tree?"
COOK, CAROLYN	- - - - -	"Oh, curses!"
DURKIN, OSBORNE	- - - - -	"You're so dumb that—"
ERSKINE, JIM	- - - - -	"Glad you think so."
FLUHARTY, ARDITH	- - - - -	"Listen, kiddie."
FOWLE, ALLEN	- - - - -	"Cheese and crackers got all muddy."
GAYLORD, DONALD	- - - - -	"Hope you don't feel hurt."
GERWICK, BETTY	- - - - -	"Oh, ah, um—"
GRIFFITHS, PAUL	- - - - -	"Why ask me?"
HAENISCH, ANNIE	- - - - -	"Of all the dumb things!"
HASSLER, WARREN	- - - - -	"Really?"
HORN, ALBERT	- - - - -	"You don't mean it!"
ITANEN, ANDREW	- - - - -	"Who do you think you are?"
KRAMER, PAUL	- - - - -	"Blame the stars."
LANDAU, LOUIS	- - - - -	"For crying out loud!"
LEAVENS, ELEANOR	- - - - -	"Oh, fishcakes."
MCDONALD, DONALD	- - - - -	"Don't mind me."
MINER, ARVIL	- - - - -	"I got a letter from Josephine."
OAKLEY, SAMUEL	- - - - -	"And how!"
PARKER, GRAY	- - - - -	"For Pete's sake!"
QUINN, ROBERT	- - - - -	"Oh, no, I'm not chewing gum!"
REDDY, MIMI	- - - - -	"Jimineeeee!"
RAFTERY, EUGENE	- - - - -	"Is zat so?"
SINGLETON, ELIJAH	- - - - -	"Do you mean me?"
SPENGER, NORMA	- - - - -	"Peachy!"
STRODE, ARLENE	- - - - -	"Oh, dear me!"
TALCOTT, GRACE	- - - - -	"Oh! Caesar!"
THOMSON, GORDON	- - - - -	"Blah!"
TURNER, HENRY	- - - - -	"Now what?"
YOUNG, GEORGE	- - - - -	"What if I were one of the Fates?"



## MISS LOWREY'S ADVISORY

*You always hear 'em say:*

ALBRECHT, HENRY	- - - - -	"I didn't have time."
AYER, DAVID	- - - - -	"I'm reading these magazines for shop."
CLEVELAND, CLEMENT	- - - - -	"That's a dumb one."
DAWE, BERTRUM	- - - - -	"You aren't kidding me, Rosie?"
HANFORD, RICHARD	- - - - -	"Gee, this is a swell sweater I've got."
HAGEMAN, VIRGINIA	- - - - -	"Oh, now, Tubby!"
HAMMOND, MARIE	- - - - -	"Bring your banking money."
LASAGNA, JOHN	- - - - -	"Oh, I dunno."
LATHAM, TILDEN	- - - - -	"Aw, please tell me!"
LAUMEISTER, LAMORY	- - - - -	"Where are your jokes?"
MARNOFSKY, ROLETTA	- - - - -	"That's dumb!"
MERVIN, EVA	- - - - -	"Oh, I'll do it!"
MORAN, EDWIN	- - - - -	"Are yah sure about that?"
PARSONS, ROSEMARY	- - - - -	"Oh, catfish!"
PERUSSE, MARIAN	- - - - -	"Oh, Miss Lowrey!"
RENOUF, STANLEY	- - - - -	"Let's do it together!"
RINNE, CLARENCE	- - - - -	"I don't know how."
RITCHIE, NORMAN	- - - - -	"Ever heard this one?"
RUGG, ORVILLE	- - - - -	"I didn't do that!"
STOKES, GLENN	- - - - -	"That don't matter!"
STURGEN, GALEN	- - - - -	"Are yuh supposed to laugh?"
THOMAS, ARTHUR	- - - - -	"I'll hand it in tomorrow."
TREBOISE, GLADYS	- - - - -	"How do you do this?"
UMBERGER, GLENN	- - - - -	"Why do yuh do that?"
WILSON, JOSEPH	- - - - -	"That's a good one!"
WISER, DOUGLAS	- - - - -	"Cluck! cluck! cluck!"
WOOD, REGINALD	- - - - -	"My big brother's so strong that—"
YOUNG, HOWARD	- - - - -	"Let's get down to brass tacks!"





MISS MOSSMAN'S ADVISORY

*You always hear 'em say:*

BAILEY, JALINE	- - - - -	"Oh, dear!"
BAKER, MARJORIE	- - - - -	"You poor little thing."
BOLES, JACK	- - - - -	"That's nothing."
CARLMAN, ELVERA	- - - - -	"I'll say."
DANEKE, JOHN	- - - - -	"Huh! Huhuh!"
DUTTLE, RHEA	- - - - -	"Hurry up!"
EDSON, HENRY	- - - - -	"I was in the building at 8:20."
EDWARDS, LUCILLE	- - - - -	"You would, you're the type."
ELLIS, WINNIFRED	- - - - -	"Oh, that's choice."
ELCHINOFF, JOHN	- - - - -	"Peanuts!!!"
FRENCH, BERNICE	- - - - -	"Heh! Heh! Cutie!"
HARRIS, VIRGINIA	- - - - -	"Oh, I'll turn it in tomorrow."
HAYS, GERALDINE	- - - - -	"Where's our combination?"
HAYWARDS, FRANK	- - - - -	"Who cares about that?"
HEGELMANN, RUDOLPH	- - - - -	"I'm going to play this for a solo."
JESCHIEN, LOUISE	- - - - -	"We get that flag! Tomorrow is bank day."
JOHNSON, MILDRED	- - - - -	"You think so?"
KNIGHT, VIRGINIA	- - - - -	"Why is that so?"
KONDO, GEORGE	- - - - -	"I hope you don't feel hurt."
LEESON, MARGARET	- - - - -	"Let me see your paper."
LINSCOTT, JOHN	- - - - -	"(Ha, ha!) Oh, gee, Miss Bennett, I never did nuthin'."
MCNEELY, ETHEL	- - - - -	"Where's Ed?"
MILLER, MARIAN	- - - - -	"It's in my locker."
MOORE, ROBERT	- - - - -	"Hello, Jeanne!"

## THE DIARY OF AN OWL

Monday, Aug. 6: Entered our cage after a summer flight. Our first assembly.  
Tuesday, Aug. 16: Banking! We begin to save for a rainy day.  
Again today: Owlets (scrubs) entertain their parents.  
Again today: We owls are given locks to safe-guard our Books of Knowledge.  
Wednesday, Aug. 17: Showers are arranged so that we may preen our feathers.  
Monday, Aug. 29: All our ladybirds meet in "Sleepy Hollow" (Auditorium).  
Monday, Sept. 12: Our first "Day of Silence". Hoot!  
Tuesday, Sept. 27: We wing our way to victory over Willard. Who-o-o-o!  
Friday, Sept. 30: Wise old owls have test to see how much they (don't) know.  
Tonight: Entertainment by senior owls.  
Thursday, Oct. 4: We fly to victory again over Burbank in volley ball.  
Wednesday, Oct. 19: All together in Sleepy Hollow. Emblems awarded athletic birds.  
Friday, Oct. 21: Senior owls have a grand party.  
Monday, Oct. 31: We meet to hear some wise birds from Caney Creek talk about missionary work.  
Again today: Our Irish birds give an Operetta. Fine song birds are they!  
Friday, Nov. 11: The great quarrel among birds of all nations ended nine years ago today.  
Wednesday, Dec. 14: Gleaners, work of literary birds, distributed.  
Friday, Dec. 16: Vacation for all. Wise Owls bid farewell to Garfield forever. They're going from this small cage only to enter a larger and better one. Goodbye all!

—JEAN SHEARER.

—BARBARA BROCK.



## IF

*With Apologies to Mr. Kipling*

If Lincoln won the war against the Prussians,  
And Lindberg crossed in fourteen ninety-two,  
If Shakespeare was a preacher of the Russians,  
And Caesar was a chief among the Sioux,  
If "Trudy" tried to swim but couldn't do so,  
And Mussolini smiles, but cannot frown,  
If Connie Mack sings better than Caruso,  
Then Garfield is the poorest school in town.

—KEITH MONROE, H7.





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<i>Joke Editor</i>	- - - - -	LAMORY LAUMEISTER
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<i>Photography</i>	- - - - -	BRUCE L. ZIMMERMAN

EDITORIAL

The time has come when senior owls must fly from the Garfield cage to larger and higher roosts. We hate to leave, we are not slow to say! But do we leave it for ever? No, we will come back for occasional visits, but never to stay again unless it is after we have donned mortar board and gown — that is, as teachers. Yes, we hate to go for many reasons. We leave behind us many friends among the younger owls — true friends. But we will meet them again some time in life's flight. We have friends, companions, and helpers in our teachers, our counsellors, and all of the faculty, and we are sad to leave them. They try to teach us the wisdom that is proverbial for the owl, and it is for this reason that we have chosen this bird as the motif for our Gleaner. We abandon now music, athletics, clubs, and Garfield activities, not forever, but to be taken up again in some higher branch. To some it means coming upon the sad truth of the end of easy lessons; to others it means the realization of their hopes and aspirations toward success, progress, and achievement. But to all it means going from the old, familiar, Garfield cage to higher, better roosts where we will flutter blindly about until each finds his own particular perch where he belongs.

—BARBARA BROCK, *Editor*.

## CHRISTMAS

Day dawns in colors gold and rose  
With silver clouds of morn;  
In yonder skies rejoice the hosts,  
For Christ, our Lord, is born.

Last night on hillsides shepherds watched  
The stars in brilliant skies;  
Then Heaven op'ed and angels sang  
Of a love that never dies.

Far from the East came Wisemen three,  
Crossing o'er shimmering sands,  
Bearing presents for their King,—  
Treasures from distant lands.

A new-born lamb, the shepherd's gift;  
Incense and perfume sweet—  
Yet both alike in the Savior's eyes  
When laid at His dear feet.

—BETTY GERWICK, H9.



## THE HAND THAT STILLED THE WAVE

The sea raged round the rocky isle,  
It laughed with a fearful sound,  
Far off the coast about a mile  
A ship was homeward bound.

Nearer and nearer the rocky shore  
The ship was swiftly pushed.  
The sea went on with a louder roar,  
And nearer the ship was rushed.

The waves leaped high on the jagged wall,  
And the ship was coming fast,  
Now hope on board was lost by all,  
For broken was the mast.

And now as they saw the rocky beach,  
The sea stopped its wailing cry.  
All knew that they were out of reach,  
That they were not to die.

And the cursing crew believed once more  
In One who them could save,  
In an Unseen Hand that stilled the roar,  
In One who still forgave.

—ELINOR FORD, H9.



## IN MEMORIAM

(*To the Dole Flyers*)

Those hungry deep sea waters,  
That roll and toss and moan,  
So deep, so grave, so vast and high,  
So full of awe alone.  
There sailed the birds of silent wings,  
There sailed they, calm and high,  
When land and sea are conquered both,  
They seek to conquer sky.

Through fogs of sheer discouragement  
Again they pierce with light,  
Through gravest of experiments  
There falls o'er them, the night.  
No one may know, or ever know,  
Their fate, or where they lie,  
But only of their bravery  
To conquer, now, the sky.

The waters rolled in angry mist  
And caught their human prey;  
They surged, and fell, and then again  
Rolled shoreward on their way;  
How anxious watched so many eyes  
For those brave flyers' flight,  
So on they watched with careful eyes  
Dark night after dark night.

Peaceful was the moon that shone,  
And shed a silver path  
On those who sacrificed their lives  
Unto the water's wrath.  
And so no more they watched the waves;  
They watched no more the sky  
With tears; they gave their gratitude  
With flowers where they lie.

To them *we* give *our* gratitude  
Where waves so mournful cry,  
For those who tried but fell, and failed  
To conquer well, the sky.  
So on the ocean rolls away  
Unconquered by the brave,  
Merely 'neath its cruel depths  
It gave to them a grave.

—NELDA INSLEE, H8.

# G. S. A.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



STUDENTS' COURT

GIRLS' ASSOCIATION OFFICERS



STUDENT CABINET



STUDENT LEADERS





## G. A. A.

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<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	SYBIL BISCOMB

## WHERE DID OUR SCHOOL GET ITS NAME?

Once there was a man by the name of James A. Garfield. He was an American soldier and statesman, and the twelfth president of the United States. He was the fourth president to die in office and the second to meet a martyr's death. Garfield was a self-made man. He had perseverance and courage. He was one of the world's greatest teachers. He was also a great leader.

For the following reasons our school has the right and honor to be named after him. He was a soldier. So are the boys and girls of our school, for we belong to the great army that is striving for an education. He was a statesman. All of us are trying to live up to the high moral standards set by this statesman. He had perseverance and courage. Most of us have the will power and courage to stick to the tasks which we start or which have been assigned to us. He was a great teacher. We have better teachers in our school than in any other school I have attended. He was a leader. Our school is also a leader. We lead all the other schools in studies and athletics.

Let's keep up the good work!

—JACK DAWSON, H9.

## OUTSTANDING OWLS

Best students	Allen Altman	Barbara Brock
Best athletes	Charles Bertoli	Ethel Lindquist
Best musicians	John Eltchinoff	Ruth Larkin
Tallest	Galen Sturgeon	Annie Haenisch
Shortest	Eugene Raftery	Eleanor Leavens
Most helpful	Laurence Wills	Helen Buchanan

## THE FIRST IMPRESSION

It's fun to be a scrub,  
A scrub so meek and mild,  
And have the others treat you  
As if you were a child.

To have them smile so wisely  
When in the halls you pass,  
To have them stare so loftily  
When meeting you in class.

And say, "You do your work in ink?  
Well, that's the best I've heard.  
You'll soon get over that, my dear,  
You will, upon my word."

And then they nod and really seem  
To pat you on the head,  
And act as if they'd honored you  
By saying what they said.

I really think it's quite a joke  
To see them strut about;  
Perhaps it's well they do, or else  
We'd never pick them out.

—RUTH GENE CAMPBELL, L7.



## DORA AND HER FRIEND ATTEND A MOVIE MATINEE

"My, it's dark in here! You know I always hate to come to this theatre. Of course if I come with Bob I just hang on to his arm.—Oh, Rose, here's two seats here, right in the middle of the center section! Isn't this fine!—Oh! I beg your pardon! I thought this was an empty seat! He needn't have been so cross about it!—As if I could help it! Now we'll have to go all the way back again. There isn't room for both of us here.—Here, madam, is this your hat?—You would think people would hang on to their hats, wouldn't you?—She said that I stepped all over it, too! Imagine that, after I was kind enough to hand it to her! Well, I know these are two empty seats here. Let's try these and see how we like them. Oh, I just can't stand this! Look at that big mountain ahead of me! I can't see a thing!—Oh look, she's leaving! What luck!—Why, I've seen this picture before.—What, you think you'll like it? Oh, I know you won't! You know the hero gets drowned in the end. Oh yes, they're acquitting him of murder now. In the next scene he is put in jail.—No, I don't like this picture. It's too sad. The hero drowns, and the heroine dies of a broken heart.—Why, did you hear that cat behind me? She said she wished I would keep still.—Such impoliteness!"

—ELEANOR MOLES, H9.

## YE SCHOOLE GOSSIPE

*With Apologies to K. C. B.*

It surely is  
\* \* \* \*  
A problem to get  
\* \* \* \*  
By one's locker  
\* \* \* \*  
In the  
Girls' locker room  
\* \* \* \*  
Because all the girls  
\* \* \* \*  
Are standing in front  
\* \* \* \*  
Of their own lockers  
\* \* \* \*  
And taking the shine  
\* \* \* \*  
From their noses  
\* \* \* \*  
Or combing their hair  
\* \* \* \*  
And one has to squeeze  
\* \* \* \*  
And push and elbow  
\* \* \* \*  
To get by at all.  
\* \* \* \*  
And the very best thing  
\* \* \* \*  
It seems to me  
\* \* \* \*  
Would be to invent  
\* \* \* \*  
Some "contraption"  
\* \* \* \*  
By which each one  
\* \* \* \*  
Could be suspended  
\* \* \* \*  
In the air long enough  
\* \* \* \*  
To powder her nose  
\* \* \* \*  
Or else have elevated  
\* \* \* \*  
Walks for the ones  
\* \* \* \*  
Who deem their studies  
\* \* \* \*  
More important.

I thank you.

—FRANCES MERRILL, H9.

## WHEN FRIDAY COMES

When Friday comes what joy you see!  
We leave our books right willingly.  
The teachers are as glad as we,  
They're just as pleasant as can be,  
When Friday comes.

We do not heed the teachers' calls,  
"Go softly, students, down the halls."  
We never study late that day,  
We hasten home to rest or play,  
When Friday comes.

All week the children toil away,  
They work by night as well as day,  
Though wrinkled is each thoughtful brow,  
The wrinkles fade away somehow,  
When Friday comes.

—DOROTHY LOGAN, L8.

## "DETENTION, SIR"

*With Apologies to Longfellow*

The classes were exchanging rooms;  
The sewing class was at its looms;  
When through the hall did rush a youth  
Whose ears were ringing with this truth,  
"Detention, sir."

His class around the corner swerved;  
He tried to join it unobserved;  
In hope he might escape the word  
His conscience had already heard,  
"Detention, sir."

But suddenly there struck his ear  
A voice that filled his soul with fear;  
A voice of deep and solemn tones  
That chilled the marrow of his bones,  
"Detention, sir."

—STUART MC-WHOOD, L8.



# THE POWER OF LOVE

## *Ninth Grade Prize Story*

"Thomas! Thomas!" called an imperative voice, "where is Miss Florence? It is time for her music lesson."

"Sure, Marm, and I can't say."

"All right, Thomas, that will do," and the figure vanished into the house again.

The old man heaved a patient sigh, and turned back to his work again. A little while after this conversation Thomas was again called from his labors by a sweet voice calling anxiously.

"Thomas, has mother called me?"

"Yes, little Missy, and sure ye better be fer hurryin'."

At his words the little girl ran into the house and soon the nerve-racking sound of a child playing a piece of music which she had not practiced very carefully reached the ears of old Thomas, the gardener.

Florence Courtney was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Courtney. The Courtney mansion was famed all over for its beautiful garden. Magnificent trees shaded hidden nooks. Precious ferns and flowers grew there, and emerald lawns stretched from one end of the grounds to the other.

When this sound was heard by Thomas, a loving smile crossed his face and he whispered to himself, "My little missy is as sweet and happy as the day is long. What would we do without her?"

But alas! There came a day when the little one did not pay her daily visit to Thomas, when she lay in her small bed still and pale, while doctors and nurses hurried back and forth with grave faces. There came a night when all present knew that the illness had reached a crisis. Outside the door, waiting anxiously for news, stood Mr. Courtney and his wife, their faces pale and grief-stricken. As they waited the door was opened, and the doctor came out of the room. His face was alight with gladness, for he was the carrier of good news that little Florence would recover. Great was the joy throughout the household, for the child, though only eight years of age, was a favorite with all. But they rejoiced too soon, for the small invalid rested on her couch day after day, pale and languid. The doctor's face became graver each day, and he said, "Can't something be done to rouse that child?"

Mrs. Courtney shook her head with weary despair, for her patience was almost at an end. The next morning when she entered the sick room, she was greeted by this statement:

"Mother, when that rose outside my window dies, I shall die too."

At first this seemed only a joke, but Florence, with a sick child's fancy, became almost obsessed with the idea, and she really came to believe that when the rose died, she would die also. After a few days the rose wilted, until finally Thomas, who had heard the story, conceived of the idea of each night plucking off the old rose and placing a new one in its place.

One night a terrible storm arose, the wind blowing such a gale that it was almost impossible to withstand it. Thomas, however, as every night before, climbed his ladder and replaced the rose. But tonight Thomas, in his haste to be through with his labor of love, failed to place the ladder securely against the house. In descend-

ing, the ladder fell, pinning the gardener beneath it. The next morning the maid, taking in the milk, discovered Thomas, stiff and cold, but with a smile upon his lips which seemed to say:

"I am happy; grieve not."

Gradually Florence was made to see the foolishness of her idea, and as she grew stronger was told of the death of Thomas.

Now the little girl plays in the garden again, and as she comes to the place where Thomas worked, her eyes fill with tears, and she thinks of the humble old man, who loved her better than life itself.

—CAROLYN COOK, H9.



## WE ASK YOU!

Is Frank's Arm-strong?	Is Marian a Miller?
Is David Ayer (Air)?	Is Juanita a Miser?
Is Marjorie a Baker?	Is Velma Noble?
Is Dorothea a Beyer (Buyer)?	Where does Gray Park 'er?
Does Mina Beyer-self a book?	Does Walter Read?
Does Marjory ring the Camp-bell?	Has Orville a Rugg?
Does Clyde drive a Chandler?	Is Thelma a Rose?
Does Carolyn Cook?	Does Jean Shear 'er?
Does Elinor drive a Ford?	Elijah weighs a Single-ton!
Is Bernice French?	Is Payson a Stone?
Is Donald a Gay-lord?	Does Henry Turn 'er?
Does Genevieve dig Graves?	Has Dorothy a White-head?
Is Haven a Hall?	Is Robert the Wind?
Has Alice a Hall?	Is Thelma Wiser?
Has Albert a Horn?	Is Douglas Wiser?
Is Clayton Ivey?	Does Lawrence draw up Wills?
Is Virginia a Knight?	Is Reginald Wood?
Is Ruth Larkin'?	Is George Young?
Is Eric Lindberg?	Is Howard Young?
Is Adele a Lyon?	



## LUCKY LINDY

L stands for Lucky that goes with his name;  
I stands for Idol to whom we give fame;  
N Never falter,  
D Do or die,  
Y for the Years that will swiftly go by.

—IRVING ROSEDALE, H7.



## SILKY

### *Eighth Grade Prize Story*

"Where shall we go today?" I asked my brother John one Sunday in the year two thousand one hundred and twenty-seven.

"Let's go to Mars," John replied.

The traffic is so bad after you pass the Moon that I don't like to go on Sunday. Besides, we've gone there so often I'm tired of it," I argued.

"That's all right," John responded, "I know another way after you pass the Moon. Oh, yes, I found the best kind of a place to have a picnic on the east side."

"If we hurry you can have Silky ready, and I can have a breakfast put up before that pest of a Bobby finds out," I said. "I'll leave a note so he won't worry." Bobby is my youngest brother.

We call our Moon-Puller "Silky" because it is made mostly of blue silk. That is so light that the earth's pull of gravity has no effect on it at all. The rest of Silky is made of a metal that is stronger than steel and as light as the rest of the Moon-Puller. I suppose you wonder what a Moon-Puller is. A Moon-Puller is a machine that looks like a large capsule with a gondola hung beneath it. In back of the gondola is a powerful motor that can reach a speed of about sixty miles a minute or three thousand six hundred miles an hour. Both the gondola and motor are made of that metal I have already mentioned. We call this metal "steelimun."

Finally I had the breakfast put up and John had Silky ready. Now for the take-off! When the Moon shines on a Moon-Puller it starts to rise toward it because the Moon has a power to draw a Moon-Puller to itself.

"Are you ready, Bee?" John asked.

"Yes, you can let the water out of it now," I replied.

At the bottom of the gondola there is a water tank. When there is water in the tank, Silky won't rise. She is kept in a shed with a roof that will open up in the middle, like a drawbridge, and a large receptacle built in the bottom of the shed to hold the water when you let it out of Silky.

When we had reached the road, we started our motor and set out on the new route. After we had been traveling for about an hour, I asked John whether we ought to be near the Moon or not. He said that we ought to be, but, upon looking out, we saw the Moon farther away than ever and Saturn so close that we would have to land there. We had some difficulty in avoiding the ring around Saturn when we landed and more when we took off again. As it was rather late, we started for home.

To get back to our own planet, we had to fill our water tank. Filling the water tank is the hardest part of running a Moon-Puller, because you have to swoop through a cloud after you have opened the front end of the tank. The condenser in the tank condenses the cloud to make water. Usually it is necessary to swoop through a second cloud to get enough water to pull you to the earth.

When we had nearly reached the earth, we saw that we were over the Atlantic Ocean. This meant that we had to drop some of our water so that we could stay at least five miles above the ocean. Then we started our motor and headed for home. We thought it to be about seven o'clock, so we ate our breakfast when we arrived, and began a new day.

—BETSY DOANE, L8.

# THE AVIATION MYSTERY

## *Seventh Grade Prize Story*

I was just composing myself to read a new book I had received, when the phone rang. It had tinkled many times that evening, and I had become very impatient with it. I would have liked to ignore it, but I don't believe in taking chances; so I jerked off the receiver and shouted "hello!"

"Hello, Dawson. This is Evans speaking. I'm taking off early, so this is in the nature of a goodbye call. I've had a hunch all day that this is going to be my last flight, and it's gotten on my nerves. So I'm going now." And with that, before I had a chance to say a word, he hung up.

John Evans was a youth of about twenty years of age. I had known him since he was a babe-in-arms, and he was a nice enough boy until he was made orphan by a railroad accident. From then on he began drifting towards crime. In my position as a reporter for the New York World many things came to my ears. I began to hear rumors about Evans being a gangster, jewel thief, murderer de luxe, drug addict, and many different specimens of criminals. These rumors disturbed me, as I liked John, and I persuaded him to join the aviation forces. He gained some renown there, so it was no surprise when he announced that he would attempt a New York to Paris non-stop flight. The take-off was originally not to have been made for two hours yet, but by this time John must be winging his way out over the Atlantic, because of his early start.

Next morning when I arrived at the office, I found the news going the rounds that Evans' plane, The Pride of New York, had been sighted by a ship, floating on the surface of the ocean twenty miles off its course. The ship investigated and found that the gas supply was gone and so was Evans! His radio messages had been heard clearly until 3:29 a. m., when they had abruptly stopped. The plane had been sighted about four o'clock.

A few minutes later the news came in that John's sweetheart, Dorothy Wright, had been found murdered in her home. Her parents had been absent on a vacation, and she was the only one at home. It was estimated that the murder had been committed about half an hour before the Pride of New York and its occupant started on their fateful journey.

Someone then remembered that Evans had been absent until about ten minutes before taking off. Another recollected that he had seemed rather dazed.

It looked as though Evans had visited Miss Wright, found her dead, and wandered back to the hangar in a daze. Then, hardly knowing what he was doing, had guided the plane into the air, and, when over the Atlantic, leaped to a death in the chill waters below, leaving the plane to fly on at the mercy of the four winds.

For several weeks an ocean-wide search was made for the missing pilot, but it was fruitless and the authorities soon abandoned the matter. I, however, never completely lost hope, as I had a feeling that I would sometime see Evans again.

One evening, about half a year later, I was preparing to read a new book I had received, when again the hateful telephone jangled. I jerked off the receiver, but before I could say a word I heard the voice of my chief over the wire.

"Hello, Dawson, is that you?" The chief seemed excited. When he received confirmation of his question, he continued:



"Well, Inspector Traynor of the police force phoned us that he had made an important discovery concerning that aviation mystery of about six months ago. I want you to cover it, as you knew Evans personally. Get down there immediately, will you?"

I assented, and perhaps ten minutes later was running up the steps of the police headquarters of New York. In a few moments I met burly Inspector Traynor.

"Hello, Dawson," he boomed, "we have an interesting case for you. The murderer of Miss Dorothy Wright is found at last. Show him in, lieutenants."

The door was opened, and in stepped———John Evans!

"Well, are you ready to confess fully?" thundered the chief, in an intimidating tone of voice.

At that the poor boy looked up and for the first time saw me. There came a half-stifled sob, then the confession:

"My first contact with crime came when I took dope, unknowingly. After taking it a few times I found I could not do without it. So that I could get the drug more easily, I joined a gang of criminals who supplied it.

"One night I was at the gang's hangout, taking some of my life-giving dope, when a dishevelled member of the banditti burst in, voicing in a stage whisper the fact that the police were on our trail, so to scatter for the time being.

"I wandered out a back exit, still two-thirds drugged. The first thing I saw was my beloved in the arms of a strange man. She sprang up immediately, and, when apprised of my predicament, led me to a safe hiding place.

"When the danger was over I crept out, inwardly raging. So Dot had tricked me then. She loved another, meanwhile leading me on merely for the hard-earned gifts I gave her. Well, I would fix her. I would kill her.

"I carefully planned the details of it. I would announce that I was to attempt to fly across the Atlantic. The gangsters would be stationed with a ship along my route in the ocean. (Of course no one else would know of this.) Then, just before I took off, I would return and murder Dot.

"I would then start the hop, and when I saw the gangsters' ship below me, would drop from the plane in a parachute, leaving The Pride of New York to fly alone, God knows where. Then I would grow a beard and start life anew under a new name. The police might suspect that I did it, but they would abandon the search for me when they learned my plane had been wrecked.

"I would let the plane fly on, as it might be sighted further out, to dispel any suspicion that anything had happened where it did.

"One of my confederates would be phoning Dawson at the time that I committed the murder so that I would have an alibi if I was caught.

"At last it was the night of the take-off. About half an hour before I had decided to start, I slunk away toward Dot's house. I had known that she was to be alone that evening, as her parents were away on a vacation.

"I was at her house! Silently I opened the door. She was sitting with her back toward me, reading. Noiselessly I tiptoed toward her. She must have heard me, however, for—"Why, hello, John—" with a quick spring I was upon her. I clapped one hand over her mouth, with the other throttling her. So she would trick me, would she! The gruesome deed was done! With a sudden revulsion of feeling, I fled, madly.

"Everything went off without a hitch, and in a few hours I found myself in the gangsters' boat, sailing shoreward again.

"During the terror-filled months that followed I was haunted perpetually by the spectres of fear that my mind conjured up. I grew to a mere shadow of myself with but one thought in my sick brain, to escape from the terrible thoughts that haunted my soul day and night.

"Finally I was driven, literally driven, to the police, by my horror-filled brain. I had no choice at all. I gave myself up, and you know the rest."

I could restrain myself no longer: "Great Scott, man, you saw Miss Wright in the arms of her brother, no mere lover!!"

John Evans goes to the chair tonight, a victim of circumstances.

—KEITH MONROE, H7.



## THE CHARM OF AN OPEN FIRE

The logs are crackling on the hearth	I wish that I could tell you all
And make a ruddy glow,	A woodfire means to me,
Bright sparks are popping, wood's ablaze,	It truly makes the house a home,
When fanned by bellows' blow.	Wherever it may be.
The roaring lends a coziness,	For walk into a dwelling
And all the atmosphere	On any chilly night,
About the fire and in the room	And if there isn't any fire,
Is one of pleasant cheer.	The place just isn't right.

Oh, naught can satisfy me more,  
Upon a winter's night,  
Than hearthwood blazing up in flame,  
A fire so warm and bright!

—BARBARA BROCK, H9.



## AUTUMN

Autumn leaves are falling down,  
Yellow, red, and green, and brown,  
Slowly falling, circling round,  
Scarcely making any sound.

Summer days have come and gone,  
Summer winds have sung their song,  
And to south-lands winging high,  
Fly the birds against the sky.

—KATHERINE KING, H7.



## BEHIND A FACE

During the middle ages all art took the form of religion. Among the immortal masters, Leonardo da Vinci was one of the greatest. His most renowned work is the inimitable "Last Supper". So ignorant were the people of his age, and so great was their lack of appreciation of the beautiful and unusual, that the wall upon which this masterpiece was created was soon turned into the side of a stable. It was not until several centuries later that this wonderful painting was discovered. The picture was covered by the remains of many coats of whitewash, and it was by the merest chance that this masterpiece is in evidence at all. The colors were faded and the original brilliance and clearness obliterated by the hand of time and neglect. The figures were dim, the outlines misty, and the features of those biblical characters hardly distinguishable. Yet, with all these defects, there was beauty there which perhaps will never find an equal.

Not only is the painting itself extraordinary, but there is a romance about this masterpiece which increases its value to all beauty lovers.

Leonardo da Vinci was searching with utmost diligence through the towns of Italy for a model to serve as the Master. He felt that not only was a man essential with a correctly proportioned figure, but that to reproduce the Master's character it was necessary for the model to possess a certain degree of spirituality. After much labor he secured a model who was entirely satisfactory.

The model was a young man recently freed from a monastery where he had been completing his limited education under the tutelage of monks. It was not many months before this young man's task as model was completed. The artist, completely absorbed in his life's work, lost all trace of his youthful model.

Years passed, and the artist's hours of toil showed their results. The painting was nearly finished, but Judas remained to be painted. Leonardo da Vinci began his search for a model. His task was not difficult, for during the first week he found a beggar so suitable that the artist's cup was filled with joy.

It is not necessary to go into detail concerning the appearance of the unfortunate beggar. To say that he filled the part of Judas perfectly seems sufficient. Every one recognizes Judas as a man of evil face and furtive eyes, in every way disreputable. Such was the appearance of this man of the streets. It was not difficult for Leonardo da Vinci to entice this man to act as model. The charm of gold indeed did all. While Leonardo da Vinci was working with him, he was amazed at how familiar this man's face seemed. He asked the beggar if their paths had met before, and made the amazing discovery that the man who posed as the Master and his present model were one and the same man. The hand of time had done its work; the years of dissipation and indulgence had reaped their harvest.

—HELEN BUCHANAN, H9.



## OUR OLD RED FORD

Poor Romeo is ten years old,  
But he is worth his weight in gold.  
They say the gas tank leaks and yet,  
Whenever we want to go we get  
In our old red Ford.

The sun was shining bright one day,  
My friends and I were feeling gay  
Enough to take a bouncing trip,  
Yes, even if the gears did strip  
In our old red Ford.

We now were started on our way,  
The car was running smooth that day.  
We passed the Cadillacs and Stars,  
And every single form of cars,  
In our old red Ford.

A sign which stood beside the road  
Did show in automobile code  
A boulevard stop in letters red,  
My friends and I went right ahead  
In our old red Ford.

And still another one we saw  
To make us keep within the law.  
"Detour" it said in letters black,  
But we were over without a slack,  
In our old red Ford.

And here's another of those things,  
But Romeo was made with wings.  
So fifteen miles on curves is slow  
For this gay crowd to try to go  
In our old red Ford.

There was one thing that made us stop.  
Perhaps you know of him—the cop.  
For ever since this car first ran,  
We ditch the cop whene'er we can,  
In our old red Ford.

So if you see us going along,  
You're sure to hear a happy song.  
And Romeo will be our friend,  
As we travel on to the very end.  
In our old red Ford.

—BETTY KING, L8.



## A SOLITARY EVENING

The clock on the mantel said exactly eighteen and one-half minutes after eleven. From outside came the sounds of leaves being hurled about, which did not particularly serve to brighten the atmosphere. Now, Peggy wasn't especially afraid to be alone; in fact, she was often by herself. But tonight, with the clock mournfully ticking and every little sound magnified, what was Peggy to do?

Had it been Friday, or even Sunday, the family would have been up. This evening, however, they had all been tired after the week-end gayeties and had gone to their bedrooms. And so, I repeat, Peggy was decidedly alone. She sat in the corner of the davenport, her eyes fixed on a book in her hand, while the clock counted off the minutes.

A something, unknown to Peggy, swept by the window. The light went out, leaving the room in utter darkness, save for the dying fire. She didn't start; in fact, she acted as though she had heard nothing. The clock struck twelve; muffled steps came into the room and held a flashlight in such a position as to see the "lay of the land." Would she let him rob the house and hurt her? Why did she not stir?

Who was she to sit like a statue? So she was—nearly that, for Peggy, my readers, is only a French doll.

—FRANCES MERRILL, H9.

## HILLVIEW

Hillview, Nebraska, is a typical country town. The inhabitants are as sleepy as they were fifty years ago, and just as sociable. It possesses most of the modern things New York does, only on a smaller scale: a lawyer, one-seat barber shop, doctor, and even a dance-hall, or "cabaret," as the owners call it, are part of Hillview. There is the little Palace Theatre, which is open every Saturday night, when it presents the latest "super-picture" to a receptive audience composed of the town people and farmers, who drive in every week-end to market their wares. The theatre houses fully a hundred people and gives them music from an old piano.

There's a drug store in town, too, which has a soda fountain, castor oil, headache powders, and a rack of hair-raising monthly magazines which are sold quickly to the younger generation. Two general stores, whose rivalry is a tradition, grace Hillview. They will peddle ouija boards, lollipops, or brooms for nine cents apiece to undersell each other. One even gave a pipe to the Widow McCarthy once to gain her trade forever.

One man in town owns a radio, and is very popular on the date of the big fight, a Sousa concert, or the Army-Navy football game. He, being thrifty, conceived the idea of giving a "radio party," and demanded gifts on each of the aforementioned occasions. He once earned the enmity of all present when the battery went dead!

Of course there are several celebrities in the town: Joe Powell, whose son is in a circus; Bill Speaker, who once was robbed of fifty dollars; Jim Walder, whose aunt may leave him a million; and Sam Hawkins, the crazy inventor, who thinks he can fly.

The town history, also, is full of startling incidents, such as the time the top of Sarah Peck's chicken house was blown away in a hurricane; the bank robbery which the "oldest inhabitant" still talks about; and the time little Flora Wilkes was thought kidnapped, but later was found asleep under the bed.

A modern Sleepy Hollow is Hillview, with its inhabitants, like all people, in an eternal race to keep abreast of the times.

—KEITH MONROE, H7.

## MY FAVORITE AUNT

Of all my aunts and uncles  
The one I like the most  
Is Aunt Mirandy Cockancall,  
Who always acts as host.

She tells me when it's time to eat,  
Or time to come to tea;  
At any rate it seems as though  
She's always calling me.

She tells me when it's study time,  
And time to do my math,  
She tells me when it's five o'clock,  
And time to take my bath.

Aunt Mirandy's always there  
Awaiting in the hall,  
For she's our big brown cuckoo clock  
That hangs upon the wall.

—MARJORY CAMPBELL, H9.



## ROBIN HOOD FINDS A FOREST RANGER

### I

One day when Robin Hood went out,  
He came upon a stranger.  
He said to him, to him said he,  
"Are you a forest ranger?"

### II

He proved to be a ranger bold,  
And though he answered not,  
'Twas by a mark bold Robin saw  
That he was of the lot.

### III

It came to pass on that bright day  
That Robin said to him,  
"Will you be in my band, good sir,  
Of fellows gay and slim?"

### IV

The ranger did not answer then,  
But in a little while  
He said he'd like to join the band,  
And serve it in good style.

### V

Then Robin said they'd start for home;  
The stranger did agree,  
And so they went upon their way  
Toward Robin's trysting tree.

### VI

They walked and walked for miles and miles  
Until they came upon  
A house so big, made out of logs,  
His band could seize upon.

### VII

The band was merry as could be,  
And had a lively feast,  
For all the men were hungry  
After hunting for a beast.

—MARTHA BROCK, H7.



## AN HAWAIIAN BURIAL CAVE

One Sunday morning two companions and myself left Wiamea for Kawaiha, the northern seaport of the Island of Hawaii, to explore an old burial cave in a gulch. Since the natives were very much opposed to anyone entering these caves, we hid our team along the road and then hiked up the ravine till we came to the cave, an old lava blowhole. We climbed up about eight feet and crawled along a low and narrow passage for some distance, until we found a piece of a calabash. Upon closer examination of the wall, we found it artificially sealed up, and, after some hard work, laid open an entrance to a large, irregular cave.

On raised stones in the center stood a canoe of koa wood covered with choice tapa and grass-mats. Lifting the cover, we found the mummy of a man, well over six feet tall, his head covered with a wig of red hair. He had probably been a chief. We took samples of the tapa, then examined the walls of the cave for other walled-up outlets. We were not disappointed in our expectations, and had soon opened up another exceedingly narrow passage that led into another cave which gave us the surprise of our lives.

Wriggling painfully forward, holding a lighted candle in front of me, the first thing I beheld was a pyramid of some fifty skulls grinning at me. I involuntarily stopped, but the others pushed on, and soon we were standing before what is considered by the Bishop Museum the largest find ever made in the Hawaiian Islands. There were wooden idols of a shape and workmanship of which there is no duplicate in any museum; wooden calabashes studded with human teeth; the remnants of a feather-cape; a large number of boar tusks; a calabash containing the mummy of a little child; a carving knife made of a human bone, a handle with shark's teeth as cutter; and many other articles. It is believed that this find once formed the equipment of an old heiau (temple) and was hidden by loyal priests at the time of the overthrow of idolatry, in a cave guarded by a corpse. No native would ever venture into such a place because of fear of the spirits.

There was a great deal of excitement when the natives heard of the find, and when I met with an accident shortly after (in which I almost lost my life), they told me that I had been "kahunad" (cursed) by their witch doctors.

—ANNIE HAENISCH, H9.

## "CANTARA"

As we gaze over the mass of green at our feet, the fading sunlight casts a beautiful pink over the snowy white slopes of Mount Shasta. We seem to command the earth from our perch on the porch of a snow-colored villa, high up in the hills, looking down on the peaceful little lumbering town of Cantara, hid away in the midst of the Siskiyou Mountains. Far below lies, like a blue ribbon, the majestic Sacramento River, where the water, a mass of motion, seems to pause, letting the frolicking fish have their play. Then, when it can restrain itself no longer, it hurls itself over the falls and down into the fast-gathering gloom below.

Now the faint outline of a saw-mill reaches our eyes. Its fading form seems a supernatural standard of serene peace and content. On the opposite side of the canyon, placed high up on the slope, the distant flicker of lights shows us the position of the quaint little cottages of the woodmen.

Now, far to the left, at the entrance to the canyon, the long-echoing shriek of a north bound train is heard as it rounds the bend and disappears behind the tall trees guarding the majestic Shasta.

—THOMAS DUGGAN, H7.

## THE SWAN SONG

The room was still, save for the soft chords of the organ. A stray sunbeam glanced through the window, playing on the face of the organist as he sat before the beautiful old instrument. The choir began to file in, silently taking its place in the front of the huge room. This choir had been founded full fifty years before by some great lovers of music. By constantly taking on new men, younger ones who would be able to carry on the work, hardly one of the original group remained. One gentleman, however, was so old and care-worn that he must have been among the founders. His hair was white, his face lined, and his eyes dull and listless. Bowed down by the cares of the world, he seemed to be far away in a world of his own, oblivious of his surroundings.

As the first number commenced, his hands shook, and with a start he came to the present. Gazing in wonder at the young faces about him, he pondered why he, so old and faded, should be placed among these young men, full of life and gayety, the whole future before them. Life was before them, with its happiness and sorrow, joy and defeat, its tricks and turns, and beguiling ways. He, too, had been young once, innocent, and proud to face the world with his young strength. He wished to tell them that it was all useless, that life would fool them when least expected, and would bring sorrow and disappointment with it.

Suddenly he felt something straining the very depths of his soul, forcing him to look upward, upward, towards heaven. He began to wonder what his loved ones would think if they could see him then, a sour, bitter old man, not willing to take his portion of the world's unhappiness.

He began to sing, softly at first and tremblingly, but soon it came clear and strong, so true that it sent a tremor into the hearts of the people, although they knew not why. The choir was hushed by the power of his voice, and the audience scarcely breathed for fear of losing a note. Gallant and brave he was, an old war-horse, his day long since over, but singing with vigor and spirit in memory of his boyhood days.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is an empty seat in the choir now; no one thinks of refilling it. It stands there, a silent reminder of a gallant old gentleman who gave his last song to the world with a smile on his lips, although his heart beat low within him.

—LOUISE RUGGLES, H9.

## CLOUDS

As I was looking at the sky,  
I saw a lovely cloud on high;  
It turned into a maiden fair  
With lovely form and flowing hair.

An elephant then took her place,  
With swinging trunk and stately pace;  
A lonely bird it then became,  
Winging o'er the ball of flame.

A darting fish did then appear,  
Who knew no joy and knew no fear;  
'Twas but a passing, fleecy cloud;  
It then became a horse so proud.

He marched along with stately tread,  
But to become a warrior's head;  
And then the sun sank in the west,  
And all the clouds sank into rest.

—CATHERINE PECK, H7.



# MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS



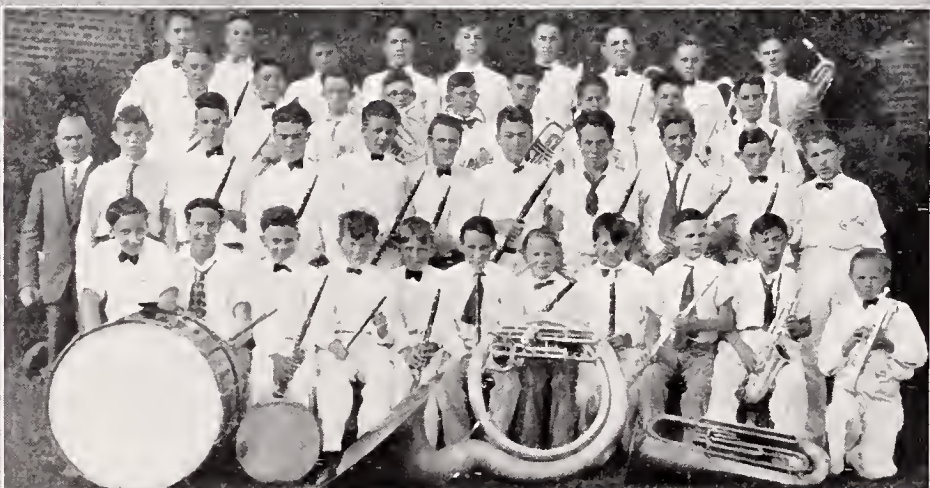
GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

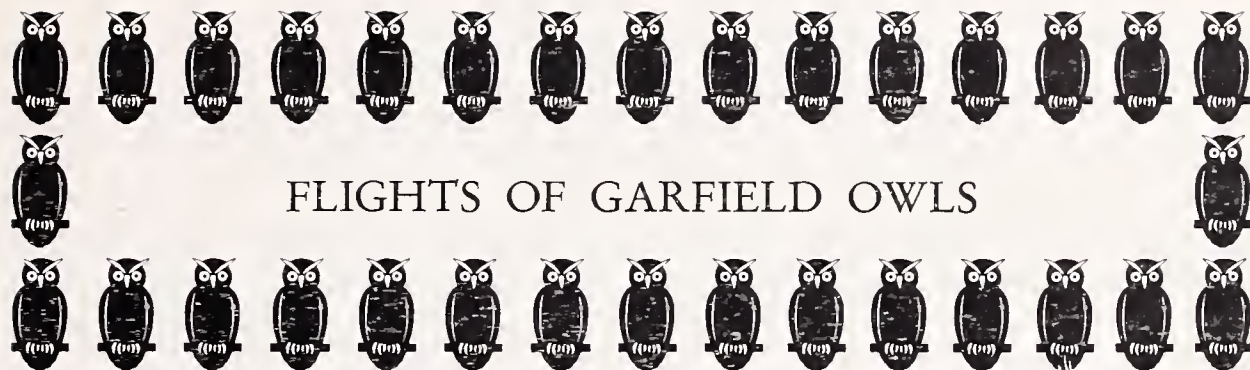


ORCHESTRA



GARFIELD BAND





## FLIGHTS OF GARFIELD OWLS

### AIR TRAVEL

One of my most interesting experiences was my first trip in the air—the flight from London to Brussels. I must confess that the night before I was a bit nervous, and on the early morning motor ride to the air-station at Croyden felt as if I might be going to my doom. My heart was in my throat, as we were carefully weighed and our baggage was weighed, inspected, and stored away in the back end of the plane. We could see several passenger boats above us, making trial flights and were assured that a crew of mechanics had worked all night on our plane and that it had already been tested in the air. There were only six passengers, as most of the allotted weight was taken up by great slabs of silver bullion being carried from the Bank of England to Belgium. We trusted that with such a precious burden our pilot would be especially careful! Presently we were each seated in a comfortable wicker chair by a broad window and proceeded to stuff our ears full of cotton from the little metal receptacle over the chair. This, of course, was to guard against the deafening roar of the motor, which was already beginning. Soon came a few moments of bumping along over the ground, which meant that we were off, and gradually we began to rise. As we went higher and higher, all thought of fear left me and I was filled with a glorious thrill which lasted through the whole trip. It was the most wonderful sensation to go sailing along through the air with no more motion than in a motor car on a smooth highway. We had a perfect day for flying and there were no “air bumps” or disagreeable sensations of any kind; and spread out below us, distinctly visible, was the lovely panorama of English countryside — charming little villages with their clusters of quaint cottages, churches with their slender spires, glimpses of forest and meadow and stream. In what seemed an incredibly short time, we reached the sea-coast and looked down on the white cliffs of Dover with wisps of cloud floating above, and there was the channel stretching blue ahead of us. We could even see the white caps and were glad we were in the air.

Almost before we knew it, we were across and getting our first view (a bird’s-eye view) of France. Even from such a height, it looked decidedly different from England. We noticed particularly how pitifully small the trees were, for we were passing over the territory that had been devastated by the war, but every inch of the ground was being cultivated, and the little irregular farms looked like patches in a great crazy quilt. We could see the peasants working in the fields and the oxen hauling the plows. Soon we turned northward and our mechanic told us (by writing, we could not have heard a word he said!) that we were crossing over Flanders and pointed out Ypres. The country now was growing bleaker and more barren, but was interesting still with frequent canals and windmills and clusters of brick chimneys, which told of little manufacturing towns. At last we knew that



we were approaching a large city, and suddenly, without any warning, we went swooping down to a perfect landing, jogging along over the field the last few yards to the station. In just three hours, we had completed a journey which would have taken a long hard day by train and boat and train again. We had arrived in time for luncheon in Brussels, most enthusiastic over travel by "airway" and thankful to have had this great adventure.

—H. L. MARTIN

## VENEZUELA

Dear Garfield:

This letter is the result of a suggestion made by Mr. Hennessey before we came to Venezuela, so I hope that you and he enjoy it.

On our way across the States we stopped at Chicago, Washington, and New York. We were interested in them all, but we particularly liked Washington, where we stayed for three days.

Our first stop, after we had sailed, was at San Juan, Porto Rico. We were there a day. Then we went on to La Guaira, Venezuela. While the boat was unloading, we visited Caracas, the capital of the country. After we had been in La Guaira two days we went to Porto Cabello, and from there to the Dutch island of Curacao. Maracaibo was the next and last stop.

From the harbor my first glimpse of Maracaibo (which was through a coco-palm grove) was of houses surrounded by trees and set back from a narrow paved road. Some natives were out for their Sunday walk, while men and boys were riding along on donkeys.

Maracaibo, with a population of almost 86,000, is one of the hottest towns in the world. It is situated on the edge of Lake Maracaibo, which is bordered by coco-palms and banana plants. But for these trees and a few others, the native plant life here would be scarce. For this reason it is hard to believe that half an hour's ride takes you into the jungle.

The jungle is simply aquiver with life. Queen nests are in the trees and large ant-hills are on the ground. Flocks of screeching parrots fly around, and brightly-colored birds dart about. Farther back one finds monkeys.

From our house, which is on the edge of the lake, we watch the graceful sailboats and business-like oil tankers glide past. At the margin of the lake and under the palm trees we see native women wash their clothes. From dawn till dark overladen donkeys trot by, and, sitting astride them in the middle of the load, is usually a man or boy. Sometimes fat Indian women in flowing gowns of bright calicos and with painted faces trot past on them. At night we watch the boats illuminated by the brilliant flash lightning, known as the Maracaibo Lights.

Often we have interesting visitors. Iquana and huge bright green lizards come into the yard. Both look like miniature replicas of pre-historic monsters. Among our other guests are enormous red and green grass-hoppers, which, when flying, look like small airplanes, flocks of doves, and other feathered busy-bodies, who come, perhaps, just to show off their gorgeous plumage.

There are many mud, thatch-roofed houses in Maracaibo, which are painted different colors — pink, blue, and orange predominating. The better homes have tile roofs and are named, as numbers are not in use. The name of our house is "Santa Cecelia," and a short distance up the road is one named "California."

The narrow streets, which are always in a bedlam, are filled with monkeys, buses, antiquated streetcars, and automobiles. The latter are required to have two horns, one of which is constantly in use.

The poverty-stricken natives live in dirty, tumble-down huts, nearly devoid of furniture, except for the hammocks in which they sleep. They live on platanos and bananas, which give them an undernourished look. The small children go about naked. Every year many of them die because of lack of proper care.

Even though Venezuela is a republic, the natives are held in subjugation by severe laws, which also discourage revolutions. That is illustrated in such laws as these: No native is to raise a stick against another, and no one is supposed to carry knives or have firearms of any description.

The president of Venezuela, Juan Vicente Gomez, is a man of more than seventy years. Although reputed illiterate, he has done much for his country.

I have seen, in old buildings in town, native schools, where the pupils were chattering away like magpies. My brother and I go to a mission school, Colegio Libertador, which is run by Americans, but it is not much like Garfield.

I heartily congratulate the graduating classes, and wish that I were going to graduate with them. I hope the new comers have found Garfield the best school that was ever built, and its teachers the best in the world. I did.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Your absent school-mate,

JOSEPHINE LITTLE, H9.

## A TRIP TO EUROPE

No explanation or description from any one else will make you realize what a trip across the ocean is like, so you must see it for yourself.

And how? Just begin by saying, "I am going!" Plan toward it, think toward it, and finally set the time and begin to get your luggage together, and just go!

Nothing else than seeing the Old World will give you the "right slant" and the proper view point of the world in general.

The things you will see you can read about in many books of travel—and you will enjoy reading about them more after you have seen them, but first you must read and study so you can *see* with an understanding eye, and enjoy what you are seeing.

A pile of ruins on the top of the Apennine Mountains is not much to look at, but when you vision the scenes that have made it a place in history, and see Lars Porsena and his army marching down to be held back by "Horatius at the Bridge," you look, and look again at the old towers with a greater degree of interest, so study your ancient history—for you *are going there* to see it all. Yes, right over the well-beaten track that all tourists take, but it is all new and wonderful the first time, as all life's experiences are new and wonderful to each of us—the first time.

What we will most enjoy depends upon what we have made of ourselves; some enjoy the wonderful architecture, cathedrals, pictures; others find the people, the styles, the amusements more attractive; and some enjoy the natural scenery, the mountains, the beautiful lakes, the blue Mediterranean—it is all entrancing, all charming, and we want to see it all! Start while you are young, for there is so much to see and make up your minds *right now* that you are going.

—A. GAY.



## A TRIP THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL

We arrived at Suez at eight o'clock at night. Searchlights were playing on our ship and on the others waiting to go through the canal. About midnight we started through. When I awakened about six o'clock in the morning, the first thing I saw was a man leading a laden donkey. People were washing clothes in the canal, some were eating breakfast in front of their houses, and others were gossiping.

Many ships passed us. Most of these were small ones—fishing boats and small tankers. Most of the land was a waste of endless sand, with here and there a group of tents of wandering Arabs. About eleven o'clock an airplane circled above. All the passengers crowded on the decks to get a look at it.

Further on the canal divided. It broke into three different branches which joined each other later. We followed the right channel. At this intersection was a settlement. Several British and French gunboats were stationed there, with bands playing. A famous battle had been fought there between the British, Egyptians, and Turks. A monument was built there with many inscriptions on it. The boat we were on, the "Andre Lebon" (named after a famous Frenchman), made many stops. Natives swarmed on board, selling trinkets, fruit, boas, and souvenirs of many kinds. They also performed tricks with money.

Later we saw a man riding a camel. It was very funny to see him perched up on the camel's back, and lurching back and forth with the motion of the animal. Soon the camel ran, and the poor man was jerked up and down at a terrific rate of speed. They finally disappeared into a narrow strip of woodland along the banks, and when next we saw them, they were only a speck in the distance.

The hot sun, beating down, reflected by the sand, made many heat waves. During mid-afternoon we saw a mirage of a beautiful blue lake, with a fringe of reeds and willows bordering it. In the middle of the lake rode a snow white sailboat.

Every little while a village would appear, with ragged children running around and dogs howling. When we rounded a bend in the canal, a man stepped out of the brush, bowed down, and worshipped the ship, thinking it some god. Soon a large ship passed us, leaving just about a foot between the two ships.

As we neared Port Said, water appeared, about three feet deep, on the sand on either side of us. After asking about it, we found out that the water was let in, and, after standing for twenty-four hours, is let out. Salt is left, which is gathered up and sent to refineries at Port Said.

About five in the afternoon we reached Port Said. Many factories of all sorts were standing on the outskirts of the city, and a busy scene stretched before us. The steamer docked for two hours. We got off, saw the sights, visited some friends, and bought souvenirs. The town is just like one of our cities, only there are more natives than white people. Many skyscrapers adorn the horizon. Port Said appeared to be a prosperous city, having many fine hotels, business houses, and factories.

As we left, the sun was setting, spreading a golden glow over the beautiful Mediterranean. Turning and looking back at the city, we saw the tips of the masts of ships which had been sunk during the war. At a distance, at the end of a great wall extending into the sea, towered a gigantic statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the builder of the wonderful Suez Canal.

—CHARLES CALLENDER, L9.



## A DAY IN TAHITI

There are three routes of travel between San Francisco and Sydney, Australia: one by way of Honolulu and Samoa; another by way of Honolulu and Fiji; and a third via Raratonga and Tahiti. My brothers, my mother, and I decided to come via Tahiti because of the great beauty for which it is noted. It is known as the "beautiful isle."

One morning, about twelve days out from Sydney, we sighted Tahiti. The sea was calm and of a very clear indigo blue. The island was also a very deep blue, but as the boat neared it the color changed to green. The South Pacific Islands are for the most part mountainous and covered with deep green tropical foliage right to the very top.

On board the boat all the passengers were very excited and were planning what they would do, for there was a great deal to be seen and only twenty-four hours in which to see it. My eldest brother went shark fishing with some natives, so my mother and I set out to see the town of Papeete, which is a French colony. The natives speak French, and French and American money is generally used. We bought some shells for which the island is noted, and also some fine French perfume. These were purchased cheaply, because we got them as souvenirs. The shops are on a level with the street and nearly all of them are open across the front. They are generally run by Chinese. When one goes into one of these shops, one sees tropical fruits—limes, pomegranates, alligator pears, and mangoes—temptingly arranged in grass baskets. There are nearly always numerous children of all ages, both native and Chinese, running about.

The next shop one goes into may be run by a sedate French woman, and will be neat and quiet. She will probably try to sell you a ten dollar bottle of perfume and will refuse to understand English when you explain that only a cheap bottle is wanted.

My mother and I strolled along the waterfront enjoying the shade of the great trees and feeling very sleepy.

When we returned to the boat for dinner, we found my brother delighted with his fishing trip. He had not landed a shark, although he had had a bite from one.

That evening we hired a taxi to take us out to one of the beaches for which Tahiti is famous. It was a beautiful, clear, moonlight night and I will never forget the beach with the fringe of palm trees against the mountains. We had a wonderful swim; one never to be forgotten.

The taxi was to return for us, so we started to walk along the road to meet it. The foliage is luxuriant and varied like all tropical growth. Some of the most beautiful trees we saw that night, I think, were the cocoanut palms, standing up about fifty or sixty feet with a tassel of leaves on top. While we were walking, there was a shower of rain. When it ended, the foliage glistened like jewels in the moonlight.

Next morning was market day, and as the boat was to leave at six a. m., we had the steward call us at four-thirty.

The market is an open place where the natives can bring their produce. They bring fruits, animals, and all sorts of the most wonderful colored fish to sell.

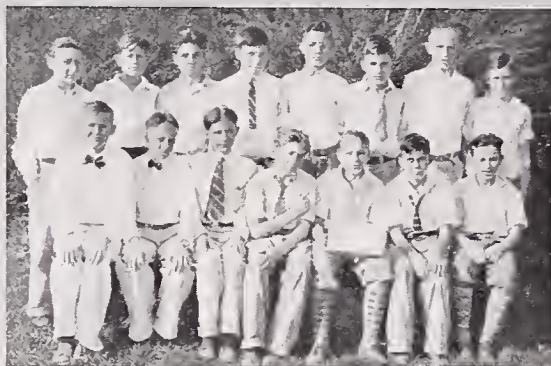
At six o'clock we had to return to the ship. We left Tahiti with the sun rising above the mountains and covering it in wonderful colors. In a short time it was nothing but a blue spot upon the horizon; then it faded from our view.

—JOAN ROBERTS, H9.

## GARFIELD CLUBS



DRAMATICS



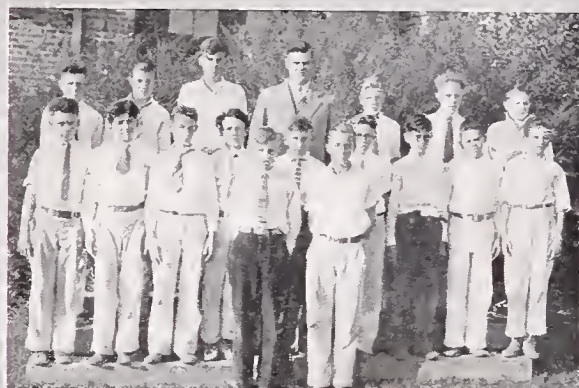
DEBATING



STAGE CRAFT



TYPING



PRINTING



GIRLS' ARCHERY

In Garfield there are many clubs  
Of all varieties.  
Dramatic, social service work,  
And archers bold, one sees.

We've radio and printing clubs,  
Sketching and music, too.  
In Garfield clubs our time is spent  
In things each likes to do.

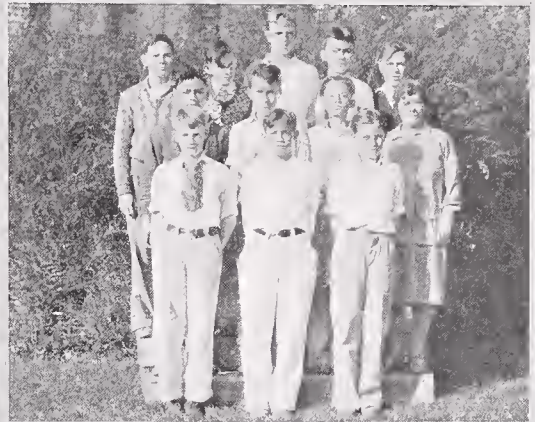
We're sponsored by advisors wise,  
Who help in work and play.  
They make our work so int'resting,  
We wish club came each day.

—VIRGINIA KNIGHT.  
—BETTY GERWICK.





BIRD AND NATURE STUDY



LATIN



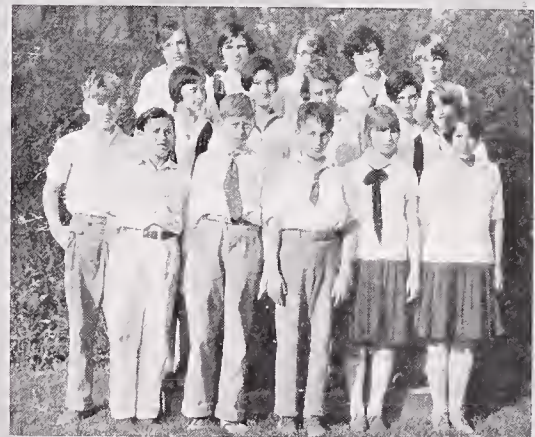
SANTA CLAUS



DRAMATICS



LEATHER CRAFT



FRENCH

## GARFIELD

Garfield is a merry school,  
 Always has a welcome true;  
 Rules we make are only right,  
 For our royal orange and white.  
 In this school we love so well,  
 Every class tries to excel;  
 Loyal Garfield hearts have we,  
 Dear old Garfield, true to thee.

—CATHERINE PECK, H7.





NINTH GRADE BOYS



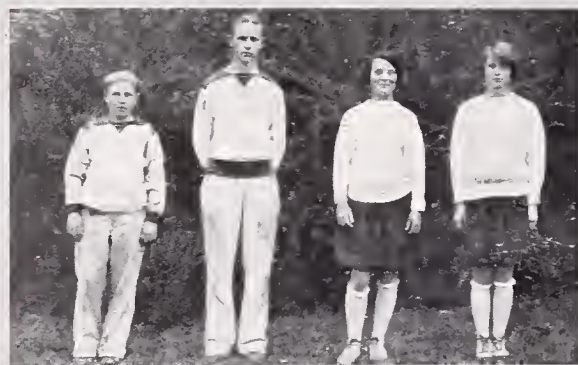
NINTH GRADE GIRLS



EIGHTH GRADE GIRLS



EIGHTH GRADE BOYS



ATHLETIC MANAGERS



BIG "G" SOCIETY

## BOYS' ATHLETICS

This has been a successful term in volleyball. Garfield boys have won every game. The first game was at Willard, over whom we won a complete victory. The next game was with Edison, at Garfield. This again was a victory for both the eighth grade and school teams. We then played Burbank. After a hard fight, our team won.

The boys showed fine spirit in all the games, especially the Burbank game. I wish to thank the boys for their coöperation in playing the games, and I also wish to thank the coaches for training the boys to win.

—LLOYD GUSTAFSON, *Boys' Athletic Manager.*



## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls of Garfield have been unusually successful in athletics this term. The main events of the season have been captainball, basketball, and volleyball. Those participating in the noon league games are to be praised for their willing coöperation. The seventh grades are doing well in captainball. The eighths and ninths are enjoying basketball and volleyball.

I wish to extend many thanks to the coaches for their splendid help. I certainly have enjoyed the privilege extended to me by the Garfield students of being Athletic Manager for the girls. Here's to Garfield!

—ETHEL LINDQUIST, *Girls' Athletic Manager.*



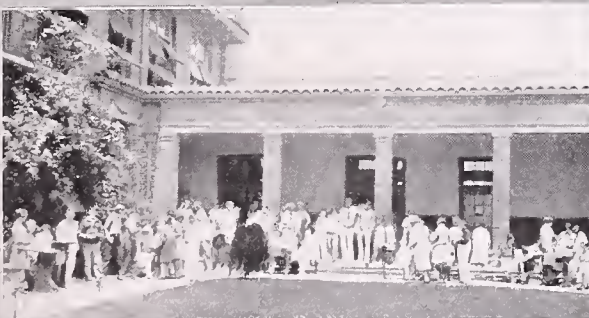
BITS  
O'  
BLARNEY



GIRLS' FIELD DAY



BOYS' FIELD DAY



ELECTION DAY



SCHOOL SERVICE

## THE SONG OF LORELEI

The moonlight shimmered softly across the peaceful river. The stars twinkled brightly on a beautiful rock standing in the center of the water, and the castle on the bank frowned at the serene beauty of the peaceful scene. Then something stirred on the rock, and a figure rose, bathed in silvery moonbeams. It was the sea-nymph, Lorelei, who so often enchanted mariners with her voice. She stood up; her long hair floated around her in a golden cloud and mingled with her green draperies. The fir-trees on the banks of the river waited expectantly for her nightly song to the moon. She raised her hand, in which she held a sea-shell comb, and stretched it toward the moon; then she opened her lips. A mournful tone flowed forth, then quickened and rose higher in a glorious burst of unrivaled music. The river paused to listen, then flowed more softly that it might hear. The fir-trees stopped rustling and listened eagerly, while the wind played with the sea-maid's hair. Her song seemed to stop, then rose to a bewitching, persuasive tone. The silver head of a fish rose out of the stream, as it listened. Soon the banks were crowded with listening animals; still she sang. The moon sank slowly, while in a wild pleading melody she vainly sang for it. The hand in which she held the comb stopped its entreating gesture, the exquisite voice lost its pathos, and the lovely head tossed angrily at the moon for resisting the charm of Lorelei. Then in glorious harmony she sang, bewitching the listening animals. Suddenly a fishing craft rounded a curve in the river, bearing in it a young man. She turned quickly, glad to find someone to conquer. She stretched her slender white arms to him, and, with a cruel light in her eyes, she sang to him in a fascinating voice. He tried to resist, but could not; then he sprang toward the rock and stretched out his arms for the beautiful maiden. But she was too far waay, and he dropped in the water, to meet the fate of many others who had been enchanted by Lorelei. Her song rose proudly, and her eyes flashed with victory, as she exalted herself. Then her voice died away, and she stopped singing. The spellbound animals crept away, leaving her alone. Lorelei glided gracefully into the water and was seen no more.

—FRANCES RICE, H7.



## A HALLOWE'EN DANCE

'Twas a dark and eerie night,  
All was still;  
The pumpkin-heads were dancing  
On the hill.

A shrill scream broke the silence  
All around.  
The goblins and witches fell  
To the ground.

When the fun was at its highest,  
Came the dawn;  
The leader of the pumpkin-heads  
Cried, "Begone!"

Just then the sun peeped o'er the hill;  
They were gone.  
The shining sun god wondered what  
Was going on.

—NATALIE DE GROOT, H7.



## THE SAILOR'S RETURN

The moon a path of radiance leaves  
Upon the silvery bay,  
And a beacon light in the black, black night  
Guides the sailor lad on his way.

In a reverie, he dreams not of the sea  
Or a life on the living foam,  
He dreams instead of his sweetheart, Beth,  
And his loved ones, there at home.

His ship abounding lightly, cuts  
The rough waters black as night,  
And leaves behind it swirls of foam  
As fluffy as lace and as white.

He is coming home from a far off port,  
And his heart is light and free.  
He has gathered rare treasures from foreign lands  
To bring across the sea.

For his mother dear, there's a black lace shawl  
From quaint, romantic Spain.  
For his sister small is a dainty French doll,  
That long in his trunk has lain.

Beth's gift is next and loveliest—  
A ring of Venetian gold  
Inlaid with pearls and amethysts,  
'Tis from Egypt, that land of old.

But see, at last the lights appear,  
The lights of home once more,  
And his mother and Beth are waiting for him,  
There on his native shore.

—VIRGINIA KNIGHT, H9.



## HONOLULU

Since I have lived in Honolulu for six years, I can tell you about some of her marvelous beauties.

Honolulu, as all must know, is the capital of the Hawaiian Islands. Tourists from all parts of the world enjoy stopping there for a visit. As I have experienced myself, the inhabitants do not care to leave for even a brief stay at any other place. The climate in the winter is almost as warm and sunny as that in the summer.

The far-famed Waikiki Beach is surrounded by very large hotels and palatial residences. On any afternoon scores of bathers may be seen enjoying the warm waters of the bay. Many surf-riders, riding the waves on their boards, also may be seen.

Kapiolani Park is near the beach. It is named for Princess Kapiolani, who once lived in its center. Now there is an immense bronze fountain which has a griffin on its top. This fountain was given to the city by the Japanese inhabitants of the Islands.

An auto road around Diamond Head leads to Kaimuki, one of the suburbs of Honolulu. Nuuanu Valley is one of the most beautiful residence sections of the city. The homes of sugar planters are to be found all about the valley region. About six miles farther up this valley is the famous Pali, a narrow mountain pass. Here Kamehameha drove his enemies over the steep cliff on to the rocks below.

—PHILIP KLINEFELTER, H7.



# THE OLD BIRD SAYS



Ed Johanson and Jack Dawson, Chief Justice, were discussing student court business in the hall. Helen B. was talking to them. Bob Raftery came up to Helen and said: "Do you want to take another name, Helen?" Helen B. replied, "Oh, Bob, this is so sudden!"

Oh! the uniforms of the Civil War

Are often in dispute.

Though my father was a Federalist,  
He wore a union suit.

Mother—Be sure to dry your neck and ears.

Roxby O.—Wasn't I lucky, mama, I didn't get a drop on them.

He was so dumb that he thinks rubber trees grow in Scotland, but you know just as well as I do that they don't grow anything there that gives.

She was only an upholsterer's daughter, but she sure knew her stuff.

Mrs. Donegan, beginning conversation over the back fence—Well, Mis' Smith, I hear yer son's on the football team at the college where he goes. What part does he play?

Mrs. Smith—Well, I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the draw-backs.

Miss Fraser—Lamory, give me a sentence with "income tax" in it.

Lamory—I had a little dog and his name was Tax. I opened the door and in come Tax.

Mr. Rushforth—I will use my hat to represent the planet Mars.

Allen Fowle—Is Mars inhabited?

## A Slight Mistake

When we are away in the summer  
In our boat we go for a sail;  
Our dog likes to sit  
On the edge of it,  
In the water to drag his tail.

A swimmer who saw its beauty  
Dragging along in the wave,  
Cried out in haste,  
No time to waste,  
"O lady! Your fur-piece I'll save."

—Maida West, H7.

John Linscott: "Did you take a bath?"

Joe Wilson: "No, is there one missing?"



Customer: "I don't want to buy your crackers; they tell me the mice are always running over them."

Grocer: "That ain't so; why the cat sleeps in the barrel every night."

"That's a new one on me," said the monkey, as he scratched his back.

"You may be the apple of your mother's eye but you're not even appealing to me."

Ernest Mahl: "Please, sir, I've called to see if I could get a job."

Small-store owner: "But I do nearly all the work myself."

Ernest Mahl: "That suits me, sir!"

Miss Archer: "Johnny, do you know how iron was discovered?"

David W: "Yes, ma'm, my father said that they smelt it."

Keith Munro was receiving his first addition lesson.

"There is Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, and the baby. How many are there?"

"Two and one to carry."

My favorite Scotch story is the one about the Scotchman who took his boy out of school because the teacher told him to pay attention.

Jack Dawson: "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I don't quite see," said Orville Rugg, "why I should interfere with the jury's guessing contest."

Frank Armstrong: "Mother, I will be good for a dime."

Mother: "Why can't you be good for nothing like your father?"

Mrs. Kramer: "Paul, what are geese?"

Paul Kramer: "Geese are a lot of geoses."

My, what a swell shine yo' face got, Mandy. What kin' of face powder yo' use? Flesh colored?

Mandy: "Who, me? Naw, ah jes' uses stove polish."

Mandy: "Say, Rastus, will you get me some of that tar soap, so ah kin keep ma' school girl complexion?"



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